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she is linked to menial services, or if the object of her life is too far removed from the means of attaining to it. The legislative qualities of the husband's intellect, his most exalted tendencies, his boundless ambition to do good, his capacities to override the crushing stultifying conventionalities of the world, are all lost or become a mockery if his poverty provoke the scoff and ridicule of the moneyed fool. The home that we love, and wherein are contained all the unexpressed hopes and holiest ambition of our lives, requires but too often to be encircled by the protecting influence of money, lest the ever approaching tide of corruption should undermine and ruin it. Good is so fringed with evil in this world—virtue so interlined with vice—comeliness with deformity, that each should be shielded from the lower temptations of life by the moral panoply of money. The power and influence of parents—their gravest obligations to their children are limited to a very serious extent by their monetary facilities and condition. The want of money on the part of parents has shattered the muscles, crippled the brain, and imprisoned the heart of many a child of great promise, and consigned millions not only to misery, but to an early grave. The licentious intoxication of married people, not only renders them callous, but fearfully indifferent to the moral duties they owe their children. Could they but act in harmony with the moral laws of nature, and subdue their lascivious appetites, millions of graves that now painfully close upon the infantile corpses of children, would never be opened;—life would increase on this planet and death diminish. The physical well-being of children, the development of their minds, and the sweet moral culture of their hearts, are, if properly attended to, heavy draughts upon the pecuniary resources of parents. Any one of these, moreover, neglected by them, may vitiate the others, and leave their offspring drivelling wretches upon society. How many a child, too, tender, delicate and organically sensitive, is driven away from the sanctities and protection of home and parents, and quartered upon the cold killing charities of the world by the poverty of parents. Noble and generous impulses, high soaring hopes, and heavenly winged aspirations, are crushed or driven to madness by being linked to poverty, and filtered through the money-making machinery of the world. Yoke a fawn to a jackass, a Margaret to a Mephistopheles and you will have a faint idea of the fatal inequalities which poverty engenders in this world. As the evils and miseries of society flow from the immoral organization of the family, it is alone through its moral reorganization that they can be redressed and done away with: draw off the poison from the fountain, and its rivulets will become innocuous of themselves. We would, therefore, urge upon parents the necessity of limiting their moral and material obligations to their children by their moral and material means of meeting them. The importance of Art to the family will be next considered.

GENIUS.—The three primary requisites of genius, according to the Welsh, are an eye that can see nature; a heart that can feel nature; and a boldness that dares follow nature.—*Anon.*

Correspondence.

ITALY IN 1855-56.

12th March, 1856.

THE prevalence of beggary has been for centuries one of the discredits of Rome. It has existed in spite of the efforts and the bulls of successive Popes, and in spite also of the abundant almsgiving of Catholic charity, or rather, not in spite of, so much as in consequence of, this indiscriminate almsgiving. Perhaps no city in Europe is furnished with more numerous or more wealthy institutions for the care of the poor, and yet few cities have a larger or more unblushing host of beggars. The beggary of Rome is not so much a reproach on the charity as on the good sense of the Romans. Poverty has been increased by the means taken to relieve it, and mistakes of judgment and of doctrine have produced evil consequences, for which no previous excellence of intention can serve as excuse. But in the midst of much false benevolence there has been much of that true charity which does not confine itself to the relief, but considers also how best to secure the prevention of pressing want. Some of the public charities in Rome are institutions of the most efficient character, and many private individuals now devote themselves and have in generations past, devoted themselves with self-forgetful energy, and an intelligence unblinded by the fallacies of the Church, to the improvement of the condition of the poor.

I had the good fortune the other day to find a little book printed in 1625, which contains the life of a man who, in his time, did much good, whose name, hardly known at all out of Rome, and but little known even there, deserves remembrance, as that of one who very early saw and attempted to deal with the evil which is pressing so heavily upon us, and to remedy which so many attempts are being made in our cities,—that of the destitution and misery of young children. His name was Giovanni Leonardo Cersuo. He was born near Salerno, not far from Naples, in the year 1551. His parents were neither rich nor poor; they lived happily, and brought up their children in the fear of God, and as good Christians. The elder brother of Giovanni became the priest of the village where they lived, and put Giovanni at the head of the parish school. Here he taught the children with fidelity, and as he almost always spoke in Latin to them, and used often to write upon the ground with a stick which he held in his hand while he was in school, the older scholars gave him the nickname of Letterato, by which name he was afterwards generally known. During all his early life he appears to have shown a devout and modest disposition, "and he was," says this account, "so possessed with the virtue of charity, that he exercised it towards all, and especially to the most abject and weakest persons. He often visited the sick when there were any in the place, comforting them, and aiding them with his means as much as he could." One morning it happened that he, together with the other members of his family, ate some poisonous fungi by mistake for mushrooms. They were all taken violently ill, and Letterato being at the point of death, recommended

himself to the Most Holy Madonna of Loretto, and made a vow that he would make a pilgrimage to her holy house if she would restore him to health. He soon got well, and in a short time left his little village to go to Naples, in order to take service in the house of Signor Mario Carrafa, that he might earn money enough to pay the expenses of going to and returning from Loretto, in fulfillment of his vow. He had not been long in his new post before Signor Carrafa died, and Letterato, with the money he had already earned, set out for Rome. "Here he visited the Temple of St. Peter, and the Seven Churches; and at St. John, Letterato ascended the Holy Stairs with great devotion, and discovering during his stay in Rome that he had not money enough to prosecute his journey, he set about finding a master and placing himself in the best way he could, and so was accepted as groom in the household of the Cardinal de Medici, who was afterwards Grand Duke Ferdinand." In this new service he acquitted himself with such acceptance, as to excite the jealousy of one of his fellow servants, who sought a quarrel with him, in which they both drew their swords, and blood was near being shed. This event led Letterato to reflect that his vow was as yet unfulfilled, and seeking a dismissal from service, he set out to Loretto on foot. The journey seems to have been spent in sincere religious exercises, and was not without its effects upon his future life. It was in the winter of 1582, "a most bitter and snowy winter," that he performed his vow, and returned to Rome. On coming back to the city he saw much poverty, "and especially some poor children, deserted and half dead with cold and hunger;" this sight touched his heart, and he took, "almost as if by accident," three of these children, who were very famished and weak, and carrying two of them in his arms, he led the other along by the hand, walking very slowly, and by turns as one grew tired he took him up, setting down one of the others to walk. So he went through the city till at length a charitable person gave to him a chamber in which to find shelter for the children, and others furnished him with food and clothing for them. But every day the number of children who needed care and help increased, and Letterato continued his work. Larger rooms had to be secured, and in supplying these with common coarse bedding, and all other necessary articles of furniture, and in getting clothes for the shivering boys, he spent all the little money that he possessed. But the charity of others, moved by his zeal and devotion, supplied him with fresh means, and, as the number of his boys grew larger, his ability to receive them was increased. "And now he began to teach these little children the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, the Credo, and the Salve Regina, and to sing these and other prayers both morning and evening." And in order that they might not be doing nothing all day, he took them with him, making them walk two by two through the city, singing their prayers and hymns. About this time he laid aside the habit of a layman, and adopted a dark blue coarse dress, and he went barefooted, and without any covering on his head, so that on account of his humble apparel and his troop of boys, Padre Camillo was accustomed to call him "the dumb preacher," as one who made himself

understood without speaking. And in order not to seek alms without having deserved them, and in order also still more to humble his pride (a sin which he distrusted himself for possessing), he began with his largest boys to sweep the streets, especially where were the most shops and offices, and when the work was finished, and the dirt had been carried away and thrown into the river, he would go to beg an alms from the shopkeepers and others, who willingly gave it to him.

He did not wish that his boys should behave with modesty in the streets alone, but also when they were together in the house. "As soon as they were out of bed in the morning, he made them all kneel down and thank God who had kept them that night, and before dinner and supper also he made them thank Him." The older boys he used to take with him to the churches, and to talk with them about spiritual things, and of the love of God. And now so much was given to him by those who saw what good he was effecting, that he was able to get new clothes for all his children, and he dressed them in blue stuff like himself, and when they went to walk in procession, one of them carried before the rest a cross of wood, upon which was cut in large letters the word *Charity*, so that many people gave them alms.

The number of the children under his care greatly increased, and not only little boys, but many great boys also, who, not to live like vagabonds about Rome, were glad to be received by Letterato, — and as his means for taking care of them had also increased, he secured a piece of ground near the Porto del Popolo, and there erected a building accommodated to the wants of his charge. He had made in it many little beds of brick, one for each of his boys, and supplied them with straw mattresses and sufficient coverlets. There were tables also at which they ate in common, and he had made in the house beside, a chapel, in which there was an altar and a large crucifix of wood, before which he and his boys were accustomed to say their prayers. "And I remember," says the writer of his life, "that when he showed me this crucifix, pointing toward it with his hand, he said, 'In eo catabitur cor nostrum,' and he said this with so much feeling, as plainly showed that he had earnest of eternal happiness."

On one occasion, having been asked how, in the midst of the temptations with which Rome abounded, he could keep his soul pure and his thoughts fixed on prayer, he replied, "that when a vase was full it could hold nothing more, and that he tried to keep his heart filled with the thoughts of God, and that the Grace of the Lord was his aid, who, whenever on our part we do all that we can, never deserts us." "In the care of his poor children," says his friend who describes his life, "he was most devoted, performing the part of father, of mother, and of nurse, entering at once through his compassion into all their affections, and serving them in everything, not as poor castaways, abandoned by their parents and by the world, but as if they were angels, and he were serving the Lord himself, who saith, 'What ye have done for one of the least of these, you have done for me.'"

"He exercised charity also toward many

poor strangers, providing them with lodging for at least one night, and giving them what aid he could, that they might return to their homes: and he showed the same care toward the poor whom he found in the city, succoring and aiding them in their greatest wants, and especially if they were old, or feeble, or ill-used, or burdened with incurable diseases, as many are who may be seen every day in the city; and he extended his charity to poor prisoners also in their great wants."

But his chief labor was always for his children, whom he taught as well as he was able. He instructed the older boys to teach the younger, especially wishing that they should learn their prayers one from another; but he did not permit the elder to punish the others. This he did in order that they should love each other more, and should live in peace and love.

In this course of life, with continually increasing usefulness, Letterato continued for many years. The children whom he first had taken charge of were succeeded by others, year after year, and all were served by him with a thoroughness and fidelity that never failed. At last, in the autumn of 1594, when he was 44 years old, he was taken ill with a fever. Anxious to return to his children, he did not give sufficient time to the restoration of his health, and having worn himself out with his renewed exertions, early in 1595, he was again attacked by illness. He was taken to the house of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, who had long been one of his friends, and here his last days were surrounded by all the comforts and attention that kindness could render. On the day before his death he sent for his children to come and see him. When they had gathered about his bed he said that he wished they would sing something to him, and when the little boy, whom he loved best of all, asked him what he would love to hear, he answered that he should like to have them sing

Dico spesso al mio cuore
Solo servendo Dio l'anima non muore.

"Often I say to my heart, God keeping it, the soul does not die."

And when they had sung this, and other spiritual songs, he joined with them in singing, "I have prepared to follow thee, Jesus, my hope, through the rough hard way, with my cross." When they had finished singing, he said to them, "May God bless you all, my dearest children. Be good and fear the Lord." Then they took leave of him, and went away crying. The next day, the 15th of February, 1595, with words of Christian hope upon his lips, he died.

The writer of his life says at the close of his narrative, "This is all I have been able to write now of the life and death of Letterato, and from this, my little work, the pious soul may learn at least something of love, if nothing else."

The usefulness of Letterato did not end with his death. The work begun by him was continued by others, and, at the present time, an institution for poor children exists in Rome, whose origin may be traced back to the impulse given by his example.

Rome, May 29th, 1856.—Evening schools, similar to those that have been established of late in so many of our cities, for the instruction of boys who are at work during the day,

were commenced as long ago as 1887 in Rome. There are now thirteen of them in different sections of the city, and they are attended by no less than a thousand pupils. Their support depends wholly upon private energy and private means. The government, although it recognizes and controls their existence, does nothing in their aid. The teaching is given voluntarily and gratuitously, for the most part, by young men of liberal education, who are willing to devote their evenings to the work. A great difficulty is to find enough teachers, for the schools are open for an hour and a half on every evening but Sunday, and there are comparatively few persons who possess sufficient energy and sufficient leisure to attend regularly. One might expect that, among the priests and friars who overrun Rome, leading inactive lives, enough might be found glad to undertake this duty of teaching. But such is not the case,—many are indifferent to the work, many are too ignorant to perform it. A few there are who are willing and able, and among these is the Abbé Fabiani, to whose good judgment, intelligent liberality and energy, much of the present success and popularity of these schools is due.

The boys who attend the evening schools are of all ages, from five or six, to eighteen or twenty; from those who are just beginning to learn to read, to those who have made some progress in geometry and in drawing. They advance regularly from the lowest class to the highest, each school being divided into four or more classes. The quickness and intelligence of these boys is very striking to one who has been accustomed to the dullness of intellect that is so often found among the poor children who attend the similar schools in our country, and the pleasant looks and good manners of the Roman children, speak well for the education they receive at home. Each class in the school is divided into two parties, one called that of the Carthaginians, the other that of the Romans,—and the object of each of these parties is to secure the largest number of the little prizes of pencils, or pens, or boxes of instruments, that are given by the instructor at the end of each term. The first boy of each of the parties is called the Emperor, the next two are Generals, and the fourth the Standard Bearer, distinctions that are held by the boys as long as they can keep the first places. Many of the scholars being apprenticed at trades which require a considerable degree of mechanical skill, such as cabinet making, iron and brass work and jewelry, it has been found of great service to carry them through a course of drawing of more than a mere elementary nature, and the results have been in the highest degree satisfactory. There is a natural aptitude in the Romans for work of this kind, and the talent of the boys exhibits itself greatly in the facility and beauty of their drawings.

The chief difficulty that has to be contended with is the want of good books of instruction. There is no good book, for instance, of reading lessons for beginners, and no school treatise on geography or history. Such Roman school literature as there is, has, for the most part, been prepared by priests, and is of such a character as to disgust children, not only with learning but with religion. This difficulty, however, is in the way of being removed.

During the month of May, which is es-

pecially devoted to the worship of the Virgin, a short spiritual exercise in her honor is conducted by the teachers, in which all the children take part. A picture of Mary hangs in the school room, and candles are lighted before it, and burn during the service.

After the school is over, the boys form a procession, and go through the streets to their homes, accompanied by their teachers. Every care is taken, and every precaution observed, not to give reasonable ground of complaint against the schools, to the large and influential class of bigots, who regard them with suspicion and distrust. Those who are interested in their support are obliged to act with the utmost circumspection.

On Sundays and on feast-days, the Abate Fabiani, collects the boys of his school, and walks with them, or takes them to some garden where they may amuse themselves, or visits with them some church. A sincere, devout, and earnest Catholic, he desires to win them through love to good lives, and to exercise the influence he gains over them to make them also sincere Christians in their turn. On the afternoon of Easter Sunday, I met him with his boys at St. Peter's. It was a sight worthy of the place, and simple as it was, was more touching and impressive, a more visible representation of the spirit of Christ, than all the splendid ceremonial of the morning had been, with its pomp, its glitter, its troops of soldiers, the benediction of the Pope, the fans of peacock's feathers, and the multitude kneeling in the still square.

ROME, 29th May, 1856.—There are but few pictures by Leonardo da Vinci in Rome. He stayed there too short a time to leave behind many memorials of his visit. There was little to attract him in the condition of Rome under Leo X., for he was not made for the intrigues of a bustling court. Moreover, he worked too slowly and too thoughtfully for the prevailing mode. The greatest works were accomplished with rapidity, and at Rome perfection was sought in the fervor, rather than in the finish of execution.

On the wall of one of the halls of the convent of St. Onofrio, where Tasso died, is the only wall painting of Leonardo's that remains in Rome, a Madonna with the child Jesus in her arms. It is much injured by time, perhaps also by neglect; a portion of it has peeled from the wall, and the colors are dull. But it still preserves some of its original beauty, and in the figure of the Madonna may be traced that sweet seriousness and lovely purity, and that somewhat mannered grace, that is so often to be found in the pictures of this great master.

But the most interesting of his works in Rome, is the oil picture in the Sciarra Palace, of two female figures that pass under the names of Vanity and Modesty. The wonderful finish and delicacy of execution, the beauty and force of the color, the exquisite carefulness of the drawing, are but the smallest of the merits of this delightful picture. The depth and subtlety of expression in the faces of the two figures, the contrast of character displayed in them, the variety of feeling manifest in their very positions and dresses, and the skill with which the pervading sentiments of the picture is supported and carried out in the minutest details, make it not only a most

precious work of art, but a still more precious exhibition of the character and mind of the artist. It is said that no good copy of these two figures has ever been made, and the attempts that have been made are innumerable.

ROME, 1st June, 1856.—There are few stories of the old Romans in which more tenderness of feeling is shown than in that which Plutarch tells of the love of Sertorius for Rome. Sertorius, indeed, was one of those men very rare in ancient times, who seem to have had that peculiar quality or combination of qualities which we now call sentiment of character. The story is, that in the height of his power in Spain he sent word to Metellus and Pompey that he was ready to lay down his arms and live a private life, if he were allowed to return home, declaring that he would rather live as the meanest citizen in Rome, than exiled from it, be supreme commander of all other cities together."

CIVITA CASTELLANA, June 2d, 1856.—From the appearance of the children in the streets of this ancient and dirty town, it may well be doubted whether, if a second Camillus were to besiege it, any traitorous schoolmaster could now be found to deliver the boys into his hands. The education of the lower classes in the Roman States is left mostly to chance, and in a country where public spirit is nearly extinct, and where the government is in the hands of a class whose interest it is to keep all other classes in subjection to themselves, the scale of chance rarely balances on the side of the improvement of the poor. The Roman Church has in past times done much for the interests of scholarship; but her general tendency has always been against popular instruction. She has her catechisms for religious teaching; she has her Sunday classes; she gathers the children of the poor together to instruct them in their duties, especially in those of faith and obedience; she gives them stories out of Scripture history, and she codifies for them the laws of God into the simple direction—"Do as I bid you, and you will go to heaven: disobey me, and you will go to hell." Such has been, and such is, the instruction given by the Church. The masses of the people, say those in authority, are not fit for other teaching than this. What is called Education is dangerous. The priest and the schoolmaster are rival powers. The alphabet is the first step toward the free exercise of thought. Republicans are always readers. And when a man once begins to read, no one can tell how far he will accept what his priest gives to him as truth. The church is logical: she possesses the knowledge of truth; she has souls to save, therefore let her prevent these souls from gaining any knowledge but such as she may teach them.

So, Austria signs a new concordat, putting the education of all her children under the direction of priests. Ultramontanism gains ground in France, and converts to Rome are every day coming over from England. Oh, wise 19th century! how much have you learned from history?

Three or four miles from Civita Castellana are the ruined walls of the city of Falerii Novi. Walls over which antiquaries have contended with as much fierce-

ness as ever was displayed by the old besiegers and besieged who fought around them. They are all that now remain of an Etruscan city. The ride to them is by a rough path over broad upland fields, broken here and there, with deep and beautiful ravines, whose sides lined with shrubs of elder and pine, and young oaks, are hollowed with tombs long since despoiled. Nightingales were singing in the trees that overhung a brook that ran through one of these ravines, and as we came up upon the plain, a cuckoo was calling from one of the great park-like oaks that stood in a wide field of grain. In the midst of this plain rise the dark brown walls of the old city, built of squared blocks of stone, so solid, and so well laid, that, in great part, they seem as firm to-day as when first laid. The line of the northern and eastern sides is but little broken; the upper courses of stone have, however, mostly fallen or been thrown down, so that the height of the wall is irregular, sometimes rising to more than thirty feet, sometimes scarcely more than to ten or twelve feet high. At regular intervals, hardly more than a lance throw apart, stand low, solid, square towers, flanking the wall along its whole length, and affording a vivid illustration of the old mode of attack and defense. Here and there the whole wall has been overthrown, and the stones lie in a heap covered with clematis, poppies, and ivy. The ivy climbs too in masses of dark glossy green, over the brown blocks of the standing wall; grass grows close up to its base; and above it, here and there, rise oaks that have planted themselves on the banks within. There is no house in sight, no sign of habitation,—only this great wall standing solitary in the wooded fields, with Sordace for its magnificent and unchanging background.

The gates of the old city are mostly blocked up, so, entering by a path that leads through a gap in the wall, what was once the interior of the city lies before you—a field waving with grain, and a meadow in which men were raking hay. The only building within the circuit is the ruin of an ancient Lombard church, that was itself built out of the still earlier ruins. Its roof is gone, the mullions of its round-headed windows all gone—the marble mouldings of its portals broken and defaced. Within it a fig tree is growing down from one of its chancel windows, and a vine of ivy half hides the poor remains of a faded fresco. A portion of the roof of the apse still remains, and underneath this shelter, girls and women were storing the hay that they brought in in loads upon their heads from the adjoining meadows. The roofless aisles have been used for the storing of cattle, and the fluted columns, once those of some old temple, serve for the barnyard posts. On a block of white marble, at one side of the great door, are the words, "Laurentius cum Jacopo felio suo fecit hoc opus." (Lawrence, with his son James, made this work.) As they built on the ruins of the old city, did the thought ever come to them, that their fine work, too, would fall to ruin; that the priests and congregation would desert it, and that the twitter of swallows, the cluck of hens, and the lowing of cows, would take the place within its walls of the responses of the clerks, and the chants of the choristers? A worse enemy than Goths or Vandals has driven away the peo-

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Editor of the Crayon:

LONDON, 20th August, 1856.

ple from their church,—an enemy who is now knocking at the very gates of Rome, and seems, year by year, to gain new force—the Malaria. Even at home, in our South, churches have been deserted before its attacks, and towns left desolate. The same physical effects are at work in the low lands of South Carolina as in the Campagna at Rome. Are they the results of similar moral elements and social conditions?

Two of the smiling good-humored girls who were bringing in hay came up to me to beg; they were not beggars by profession, but the poor people regard all foreigners as lotteries, in which it is worth while to take a ticket on the chance of its turning up a prize,—especially as the ticket is to be had only for the asking, or rather, consists only in that. While they were begging, a man offered me some late Roman copper coins, which he said he had found in the fields. As usual one of them was of Maxentius, who seems, by the number of his ugly coins that are turned up, to have inundated the land with his copper. One of the girls said she had an old silver coin at home, but her home was two miles off, and it was too late in the afternoon to wait for her to go to get it.

Just outside the Southern wall runs a little torrent, by whose side is a rocky bank, in which are many tombs, Etruscan and Roman. The shepherds use them now for shelter, and the entrances of many of them are half-closed with the thick growth of grass and shrubs. They possess little distinguishing interest,—they are only the tombs of the unknown people who lived in the city close by. There are some Etruscan inscriptions between here and Civita Castellana, but no one has made their meaning out. It is a strange thing to know so much as we do of the external life of the Etruscans, and so little of their inner life, and of the events in their history. From their tombs, their bronzes, their vases, and their jewelry, we may read something of their characters, learn something of their art and of their religion. But after all it is very little, and the past shuts down all round them like a mist over a distant mountain.

PERUGIA, 5th June, 1856.—Not long since an evening school, similar to those in Rome, was commenced here by some private persons interested to do what could be best done for the poor of Perugia. It was kept for those boys who were employed at work during the day. The authorities found it inconvenient, and suppressed it.

In 1849, the old fortifications that command the city, built by Pope Paul III., expressly "ad coercendam Perusinorum audaciam," were dismantled by the people during the short time in which they held their own. The present government is now restoring them.

To-day being market day, a great number of peasants were in the town. In the centre of the crowd, in the square, was a boy with a lottery wheel, selling numbers from it, which corresponded with the numbers in a book of fortunes. He was doing a good business.

THAT I should have to report to you, from month to month, some addition to our National Gallery, is quite a novel necessity. Well abused, as the new direction of the Institution has been, it has released us, at any rate, from the drowsy régime when two or three new pictures a year was a bumper for the most sanguine. Nor is the novelty to be found in the quantity of fresh acquisitions only: a new spirit is to be traced in the selection, and one most acceptable to those who hold with the truth of thought and hand, and the reverent soul of the early schools, and who reject the shallowness and display of the later with aversion, and even scorn.

Since I wrote last, the Gallery is the richer by seven pictures, all belonging to the great Italian schools of the 15th and early 16th centuries; some to the central period of art, most to the less consummate but surely not less noble period immediately preceding. The great prize (in the connoisseur's sense) is a large Perugino in three compartments: the Virgin adoring the Infant Saviour, in the middle; on the left, St. Michael standing single; on the right, the angels Raphael and Tobias. The color is throughout extraordinarily firm, striking, and luminous: the right-hand group very beautiful and fervent, and stamped with a rapt feeling of harmony; the two other compartments, full of Perugino's peculiar quality of expression, which generally, I should say, partakes more of suavity than of spiritual nobleness. Whatever position one may be inclined to attribute to Perugino among the great Pre-Raphaelite painters, this picture will henceforth be one of the chief features and honors of our Gallery. Two other acquisitions belong to a cruder stage of art. One, a large picture of the Virgin and Child surrounded by Saints and Angels, is named a Gozzoli. I know Gozzoli only at second-hand; but, if this is truly his (and it is said to be identified from Vasari), I find that the divine grace and sweetness which are his distinction, do not mark all his works without exception. The picture, while not destitute of some of the excellences of the religious school, appears to me harsh, staring, and inharmonious; and another early work, with as much deficiency as attainment, is Bartolomeo Vivarini's Virgin and Child with St. Paul and St. Jerome. The fourth and fifth of the new pictures both represent that never ending theme of art—the Virgin and Child; the painters being Girolamo dai Libri, of the Veronese School; and Francesco Taccioni, of the Cremonese. Both are lovely and admirable renderings, directly akin to the Venetian style; the former more especially rich and serious in color, the latter resembling Bellini in the arrangement and the type of the Madonna's face. Next is a genuine and most unmistakable bit of Venice—a portrait of Lodovico Martinengo, by Bartolomeo Veneziano. This is indeed a glorious and magnificent work of color—dark, flashing, and glowing, like a hollow, smoldering fire. Those mighty old Venetians! What a secret and what a spell

were theirs! Last I name the work which is the latest of all in style—a Virgin and Child with cherubs, by Lo Spagna. This is the picture bought lately in London for £620; and it turns out that that considerable sum might have been better bestowed. The work is pretty and agreeable, and promises to be popular; but there is not much elevation or strength in it, and there is a good deal of second-rate Raphaelism.

Government supplies this month not only a *fait accompli* in the purchase of pictures, but a notable project of architectural work in connection with our public offices. This subject has lately been under inquiry by a parliamentary committee, and the evidence of Sir Charles Trevelyan, assistant secretary to the Treasury, on which the press has conferred much prominence, proposes changes on a great scale. Such of your readers as know London will appreciate this, when I say that Sir Charles's principal suggestions are as follows:—To erect a building for the War Department between Banqueting House and the river, according to Inigo Jones's designs for Whitehall Palace; to extend St. James's Park to the Thames, removing the Horse Guards; to construct a block of buildings for public offices between the site of the Horse Guards and Charing Cross, opening the Park up to the latter locality; to extend the existing line of public offices so as to form one side of a spacious square, the other sides of which would be towards Westminster Abbey, the Parks, and the Admiralty, clearing thereafter the space between these offices and the river, and between the Palace of Westminster and Whitehall Palace; to re-appropriate Somerset House, which would thus be vacated, perhaps providing there for the Courts of Law; and to bring all into communication by a railway along the river-bank from Westminster to the City. He proposes further, for carrying out these vast works,—“1. That general specifications of the several buildings be published, and the architects of every country invited to send in plans and elevations. 2. That, when received, these designs be exposed for a sufficient time to public view, and that the selection be made after full discussion and mature deliberation. 3. That when the plans and elevations have been resolved upon, detailed specifications and working-drawings be prepared, in order that the construction of the buildings may be put up to competition in suitable portions. And, 4. That every thing connected with this undertaking be done upon the sole personal responsibility of the First Commissioner of Works, acting under the Executive Government; early and full information relating to every important step being submitted to Parliament.” This project, if it be seriously entertained by the authorities, lays out discussion and work for years to come.

Wanton damage was inflicted last year by some ruffian or imbecile, upon five pictures in Hampton Court Palace; and the consequence is, that the rules by which students visiting the palace are bound, have been made more stringent. The applicant must specify what particular picture he wishes to copy, and the permission granted, which runs for two months only, is limited to that. Even in these rules, however, unless enforced with pedantic punctilio, there is nothing oppressive.

One more item of Government news; and four is surely a long list for the unartistic officialism of Britain. An Exhibition of Ornamental Art is being prepared for 1858, under the auspices of the Department of Science and Art. It will contain those works of ornamental art produced, since the establishment of the Schools of Art, as articles of commerce, which, either in their original design, or in their entire or partial execution, have been carried out by those who have derived instruction from the Schools of Art; such as carvings in all materials, furniture, decorations, metal working of all kinds, jewelry and goldsmith's work, pottery, glass, and all kinds of decorative woven fabrics. We are certainly rousing ourselves from our lethargy in matters such as these. Effort must come first, then activity, then success; and I am not without hope that something of each will be brought to light by the intended Exhibition.

An eccentric pamphlet has been published lately, which excites one's curiosity, at any rate. The author signs himself "John Lone," and professes to be a lawyer's clerk; but I am told that the name is fictitious, and presume the quality to be the same. His idea is, that the next step to be taken in the development of Art is to paint pictures with the stereoscopic effect of relief; and this will have to be achieved by employing both hands in the act of drawing and painting—though in what precise way he does not know. One artist has put the principle to the proof by drawing the lines with both hands at once—as Mr. Lone says, with good approximative effect. I know the artist referred to, but have not seen any save the most sketchy and rapid exemplification of the system. The author speculates in the most sanguine manner as to the vast advantages and revolutions in Art to be effected by bi-manual painting, regarding all that has hitherto been effected as mere child's play in the expression of the actual truth of nature. But, after all, supposing an illusive effect to be obtained—and the practical means of obtaining it are yet altogether vague—what is the gain to art? I should judge, nothing beyond the mere illusion—no extension whatever of the spiritual aim or field of art; and illusion—although, if once attainable, not to be overlooked as an executive necessity—is a very small gain, or none; or possibly less than none. Stereoscopic painting, I suspect, is a very long way off yet; and the unsteroscopic artist need be under little apprehension of finding the ground out away from under his feet by the stereoscopic.

A publication of more unquestionable mark is the issue of Turner's "Harbors of England," engraved by Mr. Lupton, from the master's original drawings, and accompanied with text by Ruskin. I have not yet had the work in my own hands; but extracts and reviews show that the text is a sea-pan and ship-pan, studded with passages of the author's most splendid writing. There is some artistic interest also in the announcement that Thackeray has a new serial in preparation for the press. It is very much to be hoped that this admirable author and characteristic draughtsman will revert to his good old practice of illustrating the work for himself. Richard Doyle, with all his won-

derful exceptional gift for fanciful designs of character and whim, failed entirely in his attempt to illustrate "The Newcomes." Thackeray's own designs to previous works have been incomparably better in all respects; and, even were it otherwise in regard to artistic merit, the embodiment by the author himself of the personages of his tale, as he has conceived them in his own mind, must possess an interest, and be of an assistance to the reader, wholly beyond comparison with the work of any other man. The double power which Thackeray possesses is one which he ought by no means to halve.

A work of exalted interest, appertaining to your own America, has been recently under exhibition in London; the copy, namely, of Raphael's School of Athens, which has been taken by M. Paul Balze, a French artist resident at Rome, for the University of Virginia. Painted on the grand scale of the original, this copy presents, as far as I can judge without personal means of comparison, as true and high a transcript as can well be hoped for of the most incontestable master-pieces of Raphael's later style; and America may be proud of the work itself, and of the enlightened public spirit which actuated the University in giving the commission. Something also of public spirit may be credited to a business firm on this side the Atlantic, Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, the eminent silversmiths; who, having to produce the Goodwood Race Plate of the present year, have gone to so distinguished a sculptor as Mr. Bailey for the design. Of the plate itself, I am not speaking, as I have not seen it, nor yet offering or implying an opinion as to the merits of Mr. Bailey; the point to be noted is that business-men, having to turn out a work for sporting patrons, apply to a sculptor than whom none perhaps enjoys a higher artistic reputation, and that for works of high subject.

Mr. Thomas Seldon, who accompanied Mr. Holman Hunt in a portion of his late Eastern tour, has laid the foundation of a solid name by the pictures of Eastern scenery and manners, and views of Jerusalem, and other places of exalted historic interest, which, painted with skill of no common order, and with the most single-minded (in other words, the most high-minded) devotion to the absolute truth in all things, whether of general aspect or of specific detail, he brought back to England as the fruit of his studies. Within a couple of months, he will start again for the East, where he is likely to remain about a year, assuredly not without profit; his present purpose being rather to obtain materials for pictures of more elaborate incident and stronger human interest than heretofore—such perhaps as subjects from Bible-story, or from the Arabian Nights. He has a fresh companion, and again an eminent one; the landscape painter, Mr. Anthony. This artist has hitherto worked almost exclusively on home subjects; and one may confidently count upon finding the results of his foreign study as interesting and valuable as they will be distinct in individual originality from anything he has heretofore produced. Another point of personal artistic news, is the reelection of Mr. J. D. Harding into the Old Water-Color Society, of which he was once a conspicuous member, but which he quitted years back, in order to exhibit in oils at the

Royal Academy, and doubtless with a view to academical honors. Mr. Harding is among the two or three artists mentioned next after Turner, with the greatest honor in Ruskin's first volume of "Modern Painters," an honor which he claims in virtue of knowledge and skill, though not of sentiment; and the indifference which he has experienced from the Royal Academy has long been a subject of remark and animadversion in some artistic circles. His present step appears to be a sensible and right one.

In water-color, assuredly, whatever conflicting views may prevail with regard to other branches of art, Britain stands unrivalled. The matter was brought to a definite test at the Paris Exhibition last year, and conclusively settled and acknowledged, *nem. con.* Wisely laying the lesson to heart, the French seem minded to experiment in the same field; and a request, which is understood to emanate from the Minister of Public Instruction, has been communicated by the French Ambassador here to the Water-Color Society, requesting information on various points connected with the body, such as may guide our allies and neighbors on a path to which they are almost absolutely strangers. Artistic France is not much inclined to lie behind in any path of Art which she makes it her business to explore; and the best wish which Britons can form for their countrymen in this matter is, that they may soon have more and harder competitors than they have at present.

The money subscribed aforesaid for a permanent memorial of our Great Exhibition of 1851, said to be about £5,600, is announced as about to be applied to the purpose for which it was subscribed. "The Committee intend to invite designs, or models, from sculptors, both English and foreign." The original project was to erect Marochetti's statue of Cœur de Lion on the site of the exhibition building; and the British sculptor, quick-scented by experience, probably begins to surmise in the sentence which I have quoted, a menace that on Marochetti the all-receptive, whether in one form or another, the commission will ultimately devolve.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

PAPEST ROME.—It requires much acquaintance, much thought, much reference to looks, for the child of Protestant Republican America to see where belong the legends illustrated by rite and picture,—the sense of all their tapestry, where it has a united and poetic meaning, where it is broken by some accident of history. For all these things—a senseless mass of juggleries to the uninformed eye—are really growths of the human spirit struggling to develop its life, and full of instruction for those who learn to understand them.—*Mad. Ossoli.*

STUDY FROM NATURE.

Wno to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take,
No, not from Rubens or Vandyck,
Much less content himself to make it like
The ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory;
No, he before his sight must place
The natural and the living face;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye, and motion of his hand.

COWLEY.